

I'll Be There For You

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Summary: When Howdy abandons Dexter he can't help but feel hurt.

However when Howdy defends him from bullies Dexter begins to see bits of his old friend again. Dexter is more than willing to forgive his best friend, but will Howdy be able to forgive himself?

1. Dexter's POV

Hiya and welcome to my first Hamtaro Fanfic! Just so everyone is aware in this story all the hamsters are humans! They are high school students with the majority of them being around fifteen. If there are any who are older or younger it will be mentioned. Also this will be a yaoi story in the future!

I sighed as I cleaned my glasses for the third time. The dull orange glimmered for a moment as I rubbed my shirt sleeve over the lenses before placing them back on my nose and reopening the book I had been reading a moment ago. Currently it was study hall for me which meant hanging in the library with my best friend and then lunch which I absolutely dreaded. It's funny how my schedule was set up, let the first five periods of the day be smart kid classes that made me relax and feel like I belong, then in the afternoon I was thrown into classes with idiots, the only reason for that being they were my gym classes and electives.

"Hey Dexter are you alright?" I looked over the top of my book to see Maxwell, well he liked me to call him Max looking at me. Max was a bit taller than I was and he didn't look as nerdy. He had a calm and caring attitude even though his nose was always buried deeply into a book, his eyes right now showed compassion, and his short brown hair glowed slightly in the soft library light.

"It's just, why do I have to take electives!" I whined softly throwing my head back.

"It's Howdy isn't it?" asked Maxwell angrily. "I keep telling you,

you should tell a teacher about him!"

Howdy, my arch nemesis, a football player who for some reason absolutely hated me. I'd never done anything to him, in fact before high school we were the best of friends closer than anything. However once we'd gone to high school that had changed when we'd both fallen for the same girl, a wonderful dirty blonde named Pashmina. He'd joined the football team while I became absorbed in studying, not as much as Maxwell but still. Immediately it'd become uncool to hang out with me and instead he'd hung with the football jocks, people the both of us had once made fun of. I honestly missed his company, Maxwell was great and all but he wasn't Howdy who could make me laugh at anything and everything. Maybe that was why I put up with his bullying, because if it made him happy I honestly didn't care, besides he'd never beaten me up yet it was always just insults, but it still got annoying.

I sighed. "No, it's not that bad I can deal with it." I said with a smile only to get a concerned look from Maxwell. With that the bell rang and we both stood up.

"Maxwell!" came a way too loud cheer and I noticed a couple students look up as Sandy came bouncing into the library and straight into Maxwell's arms. "Hiya sweetie, did you like, miss me?" she asked rubbing herself against Maxwell and making him blush slightly.

"Hiya Sandy." The girl in question was a girl with very dirty blonde hair that it was almost brown however the few blonde highlights stuck out really made an impact. She was one of the lead gymnasts in our school, her ribbon routines were the stuff of legend. Her hair at the moment was in pigtails tied with pink ribbons. She was wearing a grey sweatshirt with the gymnastics logo and a pair of jeans. "

Hiya Dexter!" she greeted me and I smiled back as I stood up.

"Hi Sandy, how's the team?"

"It's awesome! We are so going to win that meet on Saturday!" she said happily, brimming with confidence. "You're coming right Maxy?" she asked using one of the multiple pet names she had for him.

"Of course I am, when have I ever missed one?" he asked.

"Well are you actually going to pay attention or read one of those stupid books?" she asked with a smiling pout making Maxwell laugh. I sighed and went to walk out of the library. Maxwell was lucky he at least had a girlfriend to keep him company and I was honestly getting sick of sitting next to the two at lunch with all their lovey dovey stuff.

However thanks to me being lost in thought I didn't notice the foot that stuck out in front of me, causing me to fall to the ground letting out a slight cry of surprise. I slammed to the ground, my glasses sliding off my face and clinking to the ground. Immediately I panicked as everything blurred and I reached with my fingers to try and find them. I heard laughter at my frantic struggle as my fingers searched the tiles for them.

"Looking for these Dexter?" I frowned at the familiar voice, ignoring the tugs of my heartstrings, and looked up knowing Howdy was probably

holing my glasses out of reach. I reached up trying to get them when I felt a hard kick hit me in the ribs. It was a shock to me since they'd never gotten abusive and I let out a pined cry and crumpled to the ground. "What was that fer Stan!" I heard Howdy yell angrily. "I told ya he's mine!"

"Well you haven't done anything, interesting with him yet, I just wanted to speed up the process." said Stan with a grin. I wheezed slightly and looked up. I heard a clatter next to me and footsteps, Stan's sigh of disgust, and then normal hallway noises. I grabbed my glasses and jammed them on my face, thankful when the world began to come into focus. I blinked a few times before standing up, the fresh kick still burning painfully however I could ignore it for now. I headed towards the cafeteria, my lunch was in my bag, in fact everything really important that I owned was in my bag. I entered the cafeteria to the screams of highschoolers and sighed, could they really act more like animals? I noticed the jocks staring at me and I immediately headed towards our table. I plopped into my seat next to the only other silver haired kid in our school, the only difference was mine was more silver, his was dull grey. At my sitting he immediately spun, only to smile.

"Oh, hiya Dexter."

"Oxnard." I said with a nod as he went back to his buffet of a lunch. I sat at the misfit table as I liked to call it. There was Oxnard who was really overweight and ate like a pig, Trust me we'd tried to help him, but he just wouldn't hear it. Then there was Snoozer, it wasn't his real name but he slept so much that it had become his name. His face was down on the table and he was using his arms as a pillow, the brown locks spilling everywhere. Jingle was at the end of the table looking lazily at everyone. He was the school pothead and he actually was quite popular but he preferred to sit with us saying our pain was excellent inspiration for songs, he actually was a pretty cool guy. Panda and Cappy sat at the edge of the table, they were both freshman one year younger than the rest of us. Nobody knew their real names, Panda was called that because he loved drawing late into the night so he rarely slept creating huge dark bags under his eyes, Cappy was called Cappy because he always had a hat on, and he was the only student allowed to bypass the no hat rule. Maxwell and Sandy usually alternated between here so Maxwell could sit with me, and the Gymnastics teams' table so Sandy could sit with her friends. Today they were sitting at the other table so I had no company other than Oxnard, however as I opened my lunch Cappy and Panda came over to my side.

"Mind if we sit here?" Panda asked and Cappy smiled nervously.

"Go ahead." I said with a wave of my hand and they plopped down, did I mention how childish these two were?

"You're Dexter right? We have ninth period together!" said Panda happily. I stopped and thought, yeah we did have 3D design together, 3D was an art class specifically for making not for drawing.

"Yeah we do have that class together."

"You should come sit with us!" said Panda. "We noticed you're usually all alone, and those football players always team up on you and you seem miserable."

"Yeah, besides three is more fun than one right?" asked Cappy with a smile as he pulled his green hat down tighter against his head. Actually that would be nice instead of getting clay in my hair.

"Yeah, that sounds nice." I said with a smile.

"That's awesome!" cheered Panda happily as he began eating whatever the cafeteria was serving today. I pulled out my own sandwich, bologna and cheese, and began eating, chatting with Cappy and Panda. "So what do you have next semester?" asked Panda.

"Sewing." I said with a slight blush, I'd taken it because it seemed like something useful to know, plus I could always make something for Pashmina.

"So are we!" said Panda happily.

"Do you guys have all your classes together?" I asked before taking a bite of my sandwich.

"Mostly." said Panda happily. "It's always nice to have a friend in your class." My mistake of freshman year, letting Howdy sign me up for all his classes only to have him abandon me before the first marking period was over.

"And then we split the electives." said Cappy. "For the first half the year we're taking 3D design and Woodshop for Panda, and next semester we're taking Sewing and Foods for me!" I smiled at the two remembering when Howdy and I had been that close.

"Excuse me." I said politely, standing up and turning so I could go throw out my garbage when I bumped into someone causing me to take a step back to steady myself. A collective gasp broke out and I looked up only to see Howdy with some kind of mixture on his shirt. Immediately I realized I'd bumped into him causing him to accidentally spill his lunch tray on himself, oops. "Oh Howdy I'm sorry!" I yelled grabbing a napkin and trying to rub it off.

"It's fine Dex." The whisper was so soft I thought it was my imagination as my eyes shot up to look at his face. Dex was his nickname for me and he was the only one allowed to use it.

"You see this is why you shouldn't be so nice to him!" With that I was shoved into the table and a small cry of pain escaped my throat.

"Hey!" I heard Panda yell. "Leave him alone you bully!"

Cappy had come to my aid and was helping me up asking if I was ok.

"I think you should teach him a lesson Howdy." said Stan, smirking from where he'd pushed me. Howdy sighed,

"It ain't worth it." said Howdy with a shrug. Stan glared,

"He just messed up your jacket, your varsity jacket." Oh god I didn't. I knew that jacket had been Howdy's dream to achieve for

years.

"Howdy I didn't mean to honest!" I yelled at his retreating figure, Stan glared at me and sighed in annoyance. It hurt that Howdy never looked back. With that the bell rang and it was time for gym. Oxnard and I had it together and I was thankful for that or I would always be the last one picked. It was kickball today which basically meant kick the ball and sit down. Then came 3D design. I almost forgot my agreement with Panda and Cappy until I noticed Cappy waving me over. I walked over and sat down and immediately the two began chattering. It was actually nicer than I thought it would be, Panda was actually pretty funny and Cappy seemed to relate to anything. The jocks didn't bother me but I noticed their glares.

The period seemed to fly by and then I had Psychology in which I was open game, however they still seemed to leave me alone. The bell rang loudly signaling the end of the day and I got up to leave. "Excuse me Dexter." said the teacher. "I wanted to talk to you about your ideas on conditioning, do you have a few?" I nodded, this teacher was definitely one of my favorites and I didn't mind exchanging ideas. We talked for a good half hour until he realized what time it was and excused me. I headed to my locker, it was oddly quiet since the teachers left fifteen minutes after the students did. I began entering my combo when I heard footsteps. I turned only to see a few of the football players starting at me. I nervously got the books I needed and closed my locker and turned to leave only to come face to face with Stan.

"Oh hello Stan." I said nervously. "Can I help you?"

"Yeah, we don't like what you did to Howdy today." said Stan with a smirk. "And it's time for you to pay."

For me to?

That's when the first punch hit my stomach. I let out a cry dropping everything as my arms instinctively wrapped around myself. The next one was aimed at my face and I heard my glasses fly off my face and skitter onto the floor.

"My glasses!" I cried only to be pushed to the ground. I tried to curl into a ball only to be kicked and stepped on. "Stop, please, I, I said I was sorry!" I cried only to be kicked in the face. I felt blood rushing out of my nose and onto the floor. I curled tighter into a ball unable to cry for help or anything, begging for someone, anyone.

"What are yall doing!" I heard a familiar and panicked cry. I looked up at the familiarity of it only to see blurs which I couldn't tell if it was made from the hits to my head or my missing glasses.

"Just taking care of business Howdy." said Stan, delivering another kick to my back making me cry out again.

"Knock it off!" Howdy yelled angrily, immediately dropping to my side.

"Howdy what are you doing?" asked Stan, anger in his voice. "Back off."

"No way!" said Howdy angrily, his brown hair brushing over his eyes. "He's my friend, and I ain't letting you lay another finger on him!" Friend? I don't know why but it was such a nice word. I smiled despite the pain. Then I heard a smirk and one single word

"Fag." and with that there were more footsteps, however I was more concerned with the boy pulling me up and trying to get me to sit up.

"Dex, Dex can you hear me?" I nodded. "Look I'm gonna take you to my place alright? I'm so sorry Dex, I never, I didn't." he stopped and sighed. "I'm the worst friend ever aren't I?"

I put my hand on his wrist trying to tell him everything was ok, that I forgave him, when everything went black.

2. Howdy's POV

I sighed, my muscles were aching from practice, Coach really pushed us, well I guess that's to be expected since the first game of the season is in a few days. I'd forgotten my Algebra Two book, and run back to grab it, the team saying that had something to take care of and us the youngest member I didn't question what it was. I slammed my locker shut and looked at the book, almost wishing Dexter could do it for me, well not do it for me but do it so I could copy it while he played video games or something.

Truth was I honestly missed my best friend, his silver hair, the way I could make him laugh at anything, the constant companion being glued to my hip.

Was it really worth it to ditch him for one girl who didn't even look at me anyway?

I sighed and began walking while staring at my feet when something skidded into my shoe. It made me jump slightly, then laugh nervously, I was afraid of a pair ofâ€¦ were those orange glasses? I picked them up quickly only to frown as recognition hit me quickly, no doubt they were Dexter's, the dull orange he loved so much for some weird reason and I immediately felt myself grow worried at the sight of a huge crack in one of the lenses. Dexter cared about these like they were his baby and for them to be brokenâ€¦

"Help!" My heart tore in half, that was Dexter's voice. I looked up only to see a huge wall of football players surrounding, I gulped, Dexter.

"What are yall doing!" I yelled, right now I was so upset I couldn't care less if my voice was cracking.

"Just taking care of business." said Stan, and with that I watched as he kicked Dexter in the back. Dexter was always that nerd thin and it made me wince as he cried out in pain knowing that had to hurt.

"Knock it off!" I yelled angrily, dropping to the floor and pulling Dexter towards me. I frowned at the bruises that covered his face and I knew there had to be so many more that I wasn't seeing. His eyes opened slightly and he looked at me with some sort of blank

expression.

"What are you doing Howdy?" I flinched at the quarter back's steely voice and looked up at him, not believing that for two years of my life I had idolized him. "Back off." At that moment something inside me snapped as I realized what the blank expression on Dexter's face was. He was waiting for me to beat him up, waiting for me to turn on him once again. I looked at his pathetic looking eyes not covered by their usual glass coating and I held him even closer and glared at Stan who seemed taken aback by the angry look in my eyes.

"No way!" At that moment my bangs fell into my face and I would've brushed them away if I wasn't holding Dexter. "He's my friend and I ain't letting you lay another finger on him!" At that Dexter looked up at me with a confused expression that melted into one of happiness, absolute happiness. Stan glared at me, and with that got a smirk on his face.

"Fag." I frowned at the word, knowing if Stan called me that it would be my new nickname by the end of the night. With that he walked off which meant every other player walked off as well, some looking mean while others looked somewhat sympathetic. Immediately my major concern went to the boy in my arms instead of some stupid nickname.

"Dex, Dex can you hear me!" I asked nervously, Dexter's eyes kept fluttering shut although it looked like he was going his hardest to keep his attention on me. He needed help, and with the nurse gone I knew the best I could do was take him to my house, my mom could probably patch him up. I knew if I took Dexter home his dad would ask millions of questions and completely overreact and panic.

"Look I'm gonna take you to my place alright? I'm sorry Dex." I whispered feeling tears come to my eyes. "I never, I mean I didn't." No there was no excuse for ditching my best friend, none at all. "I'm the worst friend ever." I felt a soft squeeze on my wrist and looked up to see Dexter with that same smile on his face. His eyes suddenly shut and he leaned against me, his breathing going from panicked and quick to deep and relaxed. Immediately I pulled out my phone and began dialing, my plans had been to walk home today, but I couldn't just leave Dexter like this, no not again, never ever again. I placed my phone in my ear and listened to it ring as I looked at Dexter, his hair had gotten a little longer since I'd seen him last and he was still the same height as me, he looked like he'd gotten skinnier though and that worried me slightly, however I was snapped out of my thoughts quickly.

"Howdy!" I had to hold my phone away from my ear for a second. "Where are ya! Your shift started an hour ago, and don't give me no excuses about practice runnin late!"

"Mom stop yelling for a sec." I said loudly and the yelling stopped for a second. "Look, them football fellers all ganged up on Dex, and he's laying here and his eyes are closed and I don't know what to do." I said, my voice sounded weird and it almost hurt to say the words.

"Is he breathing?" Immediately I panic at that and glance at him, I hold my breath until I realized his chest is going up and down, yes he is breathing.

"Yeah, but I think he's really hurt." I whisper back this time I hear her sigh and then scream for Zack, my older brother, to take the shop, then mentions how his idiot brother got himself into a mess again. When she gets back on the phone I smirk slightly. "You know mom I'm not an idiot."

"I'll be there in five." At that she hangs up and I realize I'm alone with Dexter. More importantly how the hell was I going to get him out of the school building? I couldn't carry him, I'm not that strong and he's not that light.

"Howdy?" His voice is gentle and sounds so broken. I looked up to see Dexter staring at me through half opened eyes.

"Mornin sleepy head." I say with a small smile. He smiles as well then frowns and his expression turns to a pained grimace. "Look my mom's on her way, she'll get you all patched up, but I need your help to move you ok?" He nods and I stand up, offering my hand to him. He's easy enough to pull up and I wince as I hear his pained cry. I place his arm around my neck holding it there with one arm while my other goes around his waist to hold him steady, his reaction however is to lean completely onto me and make me almost fall. "Come on Dex, just try, for me." I begged and he looked up and nodded, stepping away from me and wobbling on his own two legs. What have I done Dexter? I let them do this to you, I let them hurt you. "Alright Dex now just take a step, that's it and keep going." I instructed and he nodded and followed listening to my words of encouragement. Soon we had taken a step outside where the chilly fall air hit both of us. I saw my mom's car right out in front, however Dexter fell forward and I noticed he was trembling. "It hurts that bad?" He nodded and let out a whimper. "Alright come on its just a few more steps."

"Jesus Howdy!" I heard my mom yell and I looked up to see her speed walking towards us. My mom didn't run, ever, she speed walked. "Look at him!" I didn't have to, I knew.

"I know ma." I admitted and Dexter looked at me sadly.

"Dexter honey you ok? How are you feeling?" my mom asked. She was the only other parental figure in Dexter's life other than his Dad who I'm pretty sure was homosexual, not that I'm a homophobe or anything like that.

"Like I got the crap kicked out of me." said Dexter with a tiny smile and I laughed at his attempt at a joke.

"No way buddy that's my strong side, what you meant to say was you feel like a truck hit ya!"

"Now how is that funny Howdy?" asked Dexter with that are you kidding me look he has.

"It just is." I said with a shrug, unwilling to explain my humor.

"Alright we'll finish this when we get home, Dexter can you make it to the car?" He nodded and leaned on me as we made our way to the car. I helped him into the back seat and climbed in on the other side.

"You don't ride shotgun anymore?" asked Dexter. "You used to fight with me all the time about that." I grinned remembering how many arguments we'd had about that, how many shoving matches and full out brawls that ended in laughs and giggles.

"Well I didn't want you to get lonely back here." I said with a smile when something clicked in my head. "Oh right! I fergot I had these!" I dug into my pocket and pulled out his glasses, placing them in his hands.

He let out a girlish squeal of, "My glasses!" and jammed them on his face.

"There's a crack in them." I said sadly.

"It's alright, my dad has a few extra lenses for me!" he said excitedly. "I'm glad you saved the frames though, they're all I need. They're ustom made and they're special."

"I know I know." I said remembering the countless times he'd bragged about them. I felt something warm and turned to see his head on my shoulder, his eyes gently closing.

"Thank you Howdy." he murmured before closing them completely.

"You don't deserve that you know." my mother chirped from the front seat and I sighed sadly.

"I know."

End
file.